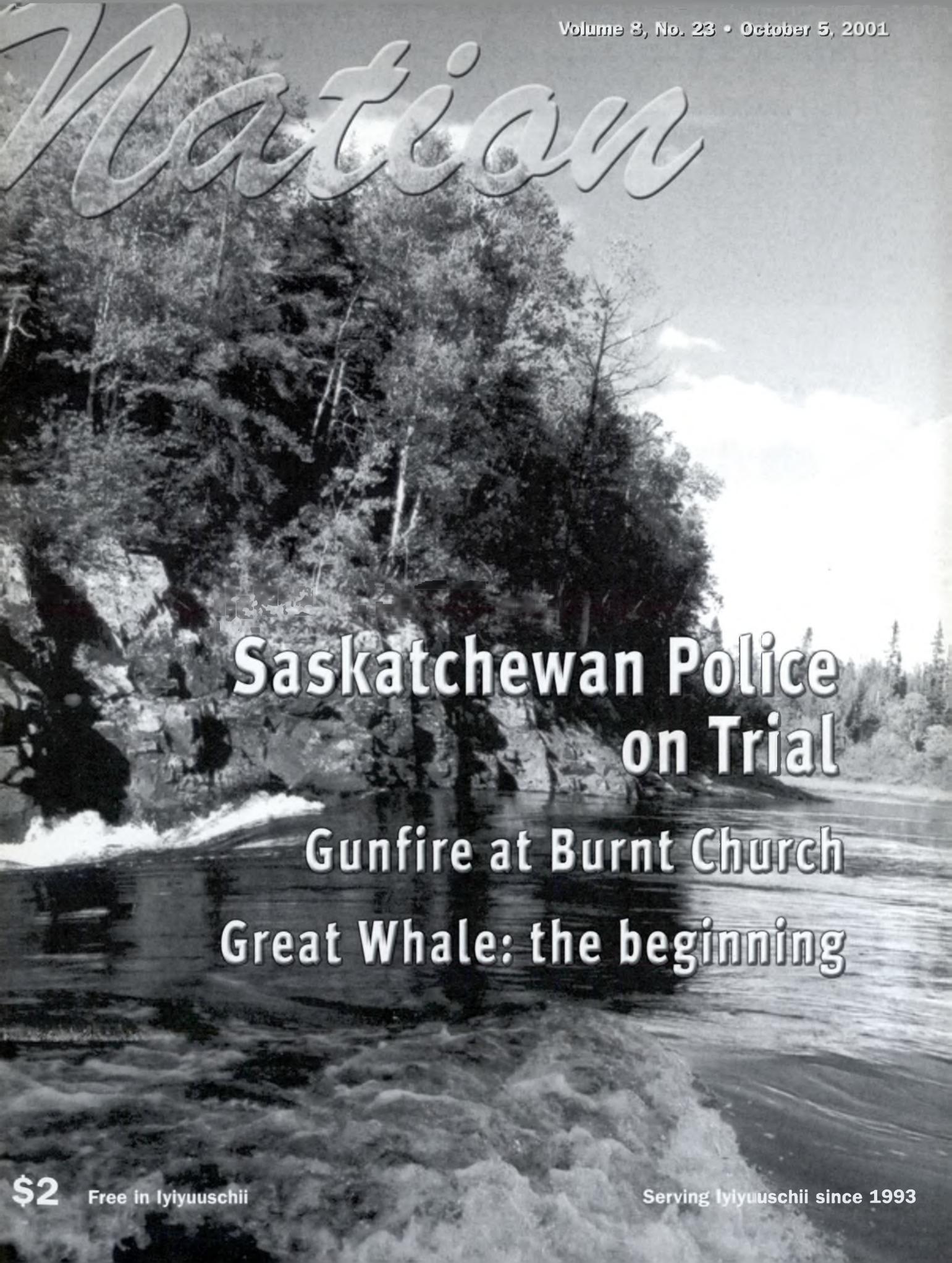


Native



**Saskatchewan Police
on Trial**

Gunfire at Burnt Church

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AN INNOCENCE LOST

These past few weeks literally made us stop and reflect; about our families, about our friends, about our enemies, about the children of the world. I don't know about you but all I could hear when that tragic event took place was the distant sound of a child crying. The hurting child, the orphaned child, the dying child.. suffering alone in pain and in agony.... And all I could do was pray to my Higher Power, our Creator, our Father, for Him to be merciful on these children.

What these terrorists did was so incomprehensible, so meaningless and so horrendous. But we were put in a situation where we can now relate to their lives because in reality, what they brought us was a glimpse of their world, and how their countries have been living day in and day out. And how they too must have loved their children the way we love ours. I am in no means trying to sympathize with the terrorist groups and their leader and the cowards that they are, but instead trying to put into perspective the events that came about. We are all in mourning; our neighbors, our leaders, our nation. But who mourns for their children? Who will prevent this from happening to their children and their homes? These children have been stripped of their right to live in the freedom of play, in the freedom of laughter, in the freedom of an innocent childhood, a universal right that our governments have protected for our children. But who protects their children's right to live so freely? We are shown on the media how these children are raised to kill with no remorse, to carry an "uzi" by the age of six, to sacrifice their very lives to set off a bomb on a bus load of innocent victims without a blink of an eye or a second thought. But ask yourself this, what other life can they have anyway?

Perhaps war is not the answer. Perhaps revenge is not the answer. Perhaps two wrongs will not make it right again, for any of us. There are poverty stricken families living in Afghanistan unable to flee their country, left there to pray for the lives of their children and for Allah to be merciful on them. A group of terrorists does not represent the Islam nation, just like Timothy MacVeigh did not represent the American nation. We cannot control Evil, but it can control you and your family if you let it into your home. So when you pray with your children, pray for the unfortunate children of the world, not just our neighbors, but for the Afghani children as well. Maybe we alone cannot make the world a different place, but we can make our home a better place. Don't discriminate people or ethnic groups by saying "**THOSE** people" or "**THAT** Black man" or "**THAT** illegitimate child". Your child hears this and learns from this. Why do you think God gave our children such big eyes and big ears? Because everything they learn, they learn from us. Raise your child to accept and respect. Change what you can; yourself and the upbringing of your child. Accept but pray for what you can't change; the world. Know the difference between the two.

The Serenity Prayer

Lord,
Grant me the Serenity
to Accept the things I cannot change,
The Courage to change the things I can,
and the Wisdom to know the difference....

from a Mother, a Daughter, a Sister of
the Cree Nation

Jennifer M. Petawabano

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ON THE COVER

Eeyou Istchee
Photographer: Niel Diamond
Cover Design: Richard Lawson



HOW I CAME TO BE A MASTER BAKER!

First of all, I wish to apologize to my growing fans for the evil caricature instead of the world famous Rez Notes that ordinary people have grown to love or hate in the last issue. I would like to attribute this loss to the ever-growing dependency we have on technology as a poor excuse but I did have a problem with trying to produce anything funny in the wake of the terrorist attacks on the innocent two weeks ago. Saying or writing anything funny was too inappropriate at that time and my heart goes out to those thousands who have and are still, suffering. But like Burnstick says, laughing is part of healing and I have chosen to tell a story of how I suffered as a young lad only to grow from the experience and eventually become a master baker.

It all started with one hungry day when I was young, sometime in the early seventies, and we were having a nice long walk at the end of Fort George Island, when the pangs of hunger overcame me. I asked my mother if I could go home and cook something to eat and she said yes, thinking that I knew something about cooking after watching her cook since I was a toddler. I said I was going to cook my favorite food, French fried potatoes, I ran home, driven by a growling and empty stomach and rapidly peeled a handful of 'taters. My good friend accompanied me with hopes of sharing a plate or two of those delicious fries and even helped me with the peeling.

During my many observations of my mother's culinary skills was the actual frying process in some liquid, so I proceeded to boil my potatoes. After about twenty minutes or so, I noticed that they were turning golden brown, just as my mother made it, so I started putting other ingredients in such as Soya sauce, and numerous other dark liquids until the potatoes turned black. My buddy decided not to indulge and passed when I offered him the steaming black and malodorous potatoes. I, on the other hand, was confident of my newly acquired talent and ate everything. After gulping down the last morsel, my mother arrived and wondered just what the heck was the mess and smell about. I replied that I didn't feel so good.

Not long after, at the hospital, I was diagnosed with appendicitis and was in need of emergency medical treatment in the form of surgery. With a temperature ranging in the high 100's (those days it was in Fahrenheit) arrangements were made to send me to Timmins on the DC-3. For some strange reason the flight was diverted to Moosonee (I believe that it was foggy in Timmins) then I was strapped to the outside of a helicopter and flown stretcher and all on the pontoon of the whirlybird to the green grass of the Moose Factory Hospital. People in white were rushing all around the yard and someone told me to count to ten while being rolled down the hallway.

During this fateful time of my life, completely oblivious to the fact that my appendix had ruptured and I was near to my maker, my family and the community were praying for me at St. Phillip's church. The next thing I remember was this large nose growing in my foggy vision and the exclamation "He's alive!" Apparently I was near death or already dead and the minister was there to follow through for my entry into the heavens. For those who want to know, I don't remember anything of the afterlife only darkness, just like sleeping without dreams.

For the next three months of my recovery, I was stuck with more IV's than any modern day junkie, as my stomach lining was eroded and very sensitive to anything solid. I ran out of blood vessels to penetrate when they started plugging into my legs and feet, which resulted in size fourteen feet with little pinkies poking out from the swollen masses of flesh I used to walk on. I was constantly nursed back to health by my guardian angel that took pity on me and she gave me some very powerful words of advice. "Sonny, you'll have to learn how to cook."

So... cooking became a very important part of my lifestyle and I learned how to bake from scratch and cook with flair, at par or better than any self-taught chef. I've even taught my compadre Ndiamon, how to bake and he got it right the very first time. The secret to baking and cooking is patience and to know what the heck you're putting in as ingredients, or otherwise, you may lose more than your dignity when your guests turn up their noses (or turn up dead) to the odor emanating from your oven or saucepan.

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EDITORIAL BOARD

N. Diamond, W. Nicholls, B. Zelnicker

EDITOR IN CHIEF

Will Nicholls

IYIYUU AYIMUUN EDITOR

Brian Webb

PHOTOGRAPHY

Neil Diamond

GRAPHIC DESIGNERS

Mona Laviolette, Richard Lawson

DIRECTOR OF FINANCES

Linda Ludwick

SALES REPRESENTATIVE - MONTREAL

Aaron MacDevitt

LAYOUT & PRODUCTION

W. Nicholls, N. Diamond, M. Laviolette

AD LAYOUT

Aaron MacDevitt

ADMINISTRATIVE ASSISTANTS

Jennifer Westlake

Danielle Valade

THANKS TO: Air Creebec,
Jennifer M. Petawabano

WHERE TO REACH US:**POSTMASTER:**5505 ST-LAURENT, #3018
MONTREAL, QC., H2T 1S6**PLEASE ADDRESS CORRESPONDENCE TO:**

THE NATION PRODUCTION OFFICE
5678 PARC AVE.
PO. BOX 48036
MONTREAL, CANADA H2V 4S8

EDITORIAL

TEL.: 514-272-3077, FAX: 514-278-9914

THE NATION HEAD OFFICE

P.O. BOX 151, CHIASIBI, QC. J0M 1E0

E-MAIL ADDRESS:

Editorial
nation@beesum.ca
Ads & Classifieds
beesum@beesum-communications.com
On the Web:
www.beesum-communications.com

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Algonquins Occupy Island

About 50 or so of the Algonquins of Barriere Lake have occupied Victoria Island, near Canada's Parliament buildings. A village has been erected and can easily be seen, a fact that the Algonquins are hoping will embarrass Ottawa into meeting with them to discuss their concerns. The Algonquins, from Northern Quebec, are upset because they say the Federal Government has walked away without giving the necessary funds to complete a Trilateral Agreement on land management called the Integrated Resource Management Plan (IRMP).

"We were told to use our Capital Dollars to complete the Agreement," said Chief Carol McBride. This is something that they find unacceptable. "Our Capital Dollars go to housing and repairs. We have 8-17 people living in a two bedroom house and the conditions are deplorable." McBride said this shows how little Ottawa is concerned about Barriere Lake and this is why they have come to Ottawa to meet with Deputy Minister Marc LaFreniere.

The situation doesn't look to be resolved anytime soon. LaFreniere wrote a letter to Chief Harry Wawatie saying that they should talk to Quebec and the DIAND Quebec Regional Office. LaFreniere's letter also said financial resources dedicated to completing the IRMP are difficult to justify based on the progress made so far.

Chief Wawatie said the letter was discussed by community residents and they were "dissatisfied and quite

frankly insulted by" the DIAND's response. Wawatie's letter said the community blames Indian Affairs meddling in the internal affairs of the Band for losing two years of work. The letter goes on to say they will not meet with the Quebec Regional Offices of DIAND as that office is violating a Memorandum of Mutual Intent signed in 1997. The Barriere Lake letter goes on to suggest that given the insulting tone of the letter there may be a need for mediation by a third party.

In the continuing war of letters Domtar, a forestry company and the World Wildlife Fund, an environmental organization, have both expressed support for the Barriere Lake First Nation. While WWF support is understandable, Domtar's is not as expected given the past. In the 1980's Barriere Lake residents had blockaded roads. Domtar isn't looking for another confrontation though and Chief McBride said their support is strong and welcomed by her community. "I am advised that forestry companies will soon be out of areas over which they are authorized to cut under the trilateral Agreement," said McBride adding that her community is "very anxious to avert unnecessary conflict."

In any case Chief Carol McBride said that the people of Barriere Lake would not be going home without meeting Deputy Minister LaFreniere. "We have plans to go to their headquarters (DIAND) every day. We won't be disruptive but we'll express our concerns," said McBride.

Will Nicholls

Saskatoon Police Found Guilty of Unlawful Confinement

In a case that has drawn attention to racial tensions in Saskatchewan, an all-white jury found two police officers guilty of abandoning a Native man on the outskirts of town in freezing conditions.

Saskatoon officers Dan Hatchen and Ken Munson had been charged with assault and unlawful confinement by the Canadian government. Both men were found guilty of unlawful confinement, but were acquitted on the assault charges.

One night last January, the officers had detained 35-year-old Darrell Night. According to the officers, Night, of Salteaux First Nation, was intoxicated and abusive. Instead of driving Night to the police station, Hatchen and Munson chose to leave him on the outskirts of town in minus 22-degree weather.

Defense lawyer Bill Roe maintained in court that the officers, who admitted that they abandoned Night, had committed "an error of judgment," but that it "does not constitute a criminal offense." In their defense, the officers had stated that they dropped Darrell Night by the side of the road without a jacket because he had asked them to. Night claimed that he tried to resist being thrown out of the car and said that he had warned the officers that he had their car number and would report them.

Night was lucky to live to tell his tale. A number of Native men and boys have been found frozen to death in the Saskatoon area over the past ten years. The Native community has long been suspicious of police involvement in the mysterious deaths, but there had never been any solid evidence until Night came forward after surviving his icy ordeal.

Sentencing is expected to come down October 30th. Hatchen and Munson face a maximum sentence of ten years in jail. An appeal is expected to be filed.

IT'S TIME TO INVEST IN OUR PEOPLE AND THEIR DREAMS

I'm a Cree businessman and through my consulting firm Weshtau give business and leadership training programs. I also, with my associates, prepare community restructuring plans, tourism plans and business plans. I'm writing this letter as my business has been unjustly blocked from delivering any training programs over the past year funded by the Cree Human Resource Department (CHRD). I have received no explanation! When I started my business, I was told that there would be many challenges, I assumed these challenges. What I do not accept is what I have experienced; passive aggression, and turning our collective backs on Grand Council Principles.

The Cree Nation Youth Council, Waswanipi Youth Council, Tawich Development Corporation, the Eeyou Economic Group, and the Arena Training Program have all sent proposals to the (CHRD) requesting Weshtau's workshops in Business and Leadership. Every proposal has been rejected without explanation.

At the **2000 Annual General Assembly of the Grand Council of the Crees**, a resolution passed stating: "existing Cree Human Resources be used to their fullest capacity in areas of community development as well as in all other areas of Eeyou/Enou Governance." **CHRD Policies and Procedures, Section IV** underline – whenever feasible, the sponsor should be encouraged to hire and promote Cree trainers. These statements of principle are not coherent with my experience. Apparently, a new policy proposal is presently before the CHRD limiting training programs to federally or provincially accredited institutions. This policy would directly oppose the spirit and the values of the resolutions of the Grand Council of the Crees and the CHRD. What's going on? I'm confused.

Weshtau and its associates deliver youth, motivation and new business programs in the Cree territory. We've provided inspiration and expertise establishing **many** Cree businesses in the nine communities. The most recent are Gary & Linda Cooper's Trucking Business, Bobby Gull's Eco Tourism Business, Gull Lake Adventures Tourism Enterprise & Jeffrey Salt's Video Shop. We are presently assisting other entrepreneurs (businesspeople) in planning their dream of financial independence in Chisasibi, Mistissini, Waswanipi and Wemindji.

I'm Cree and my associate Rolf Kungl has thirty-one years experience working in native communities; we give business, leadership and motivation training programs. Our goal is not only to start businesses but also to inspire all people to reach their highest potential. As an example, this July we gave a motivation training program for the Waswanipi Youth Council (funded by other sources). On the first night 8 youths showed up, on the second night 25 showed up. Fully attentive, they

absorbed our conviction that personal and professional development is the keys to their future potential. As it stands, very few finish high school. I believe all of us share a responsibility in improving this dismal statistic.

Beyond the constant blaming of governments, parents and accredited schools, what about concentrating on our own social resources and responsibility as stated in the resolution of the Grand Council and the CHRD? If we do not believe in ourselves, who will? What do we teach? I see T-shirts labeled "our young people are our future" ... don't we the leaders have the responsibility to show them the way? We (Weshtau) as motivational trainers have hands-on experience and demonstrated results. The youth have had few very needed motivational programs this past year. Every one of our requested youth and business training program through the CHRD have been rejected. Why?

Furthermore, I've presented an urgent and detailed proposal to the Grand Council for the creation of a Business Development Center. This center, driven essentially by our entrepreneurs, would provide the tools, training and expertise needed for our business people to continue starting and maintaining business. The Chief's have blessed it and I have been waiting for a response for months. If we don't act now another year will be lost. It's time to act. We need a real investment in our youth and our people. I'm convinced the majority of our leadership will express courage and fidelity to the wisdom of Grand Council resolutions and ideals.

In my experience the people of Eeyou/Atschee have expressed and demonstrated their desire and readiness to move towards a prosperous future. The people are ready. Yet, it almost seems as if, intentionally or not, our political and bureaucratic systems hold us back. True power does not come from political systems; they are only a reflection of who we are as a people collectively. True strength comes from strong growing individuals, who create strong families, and as a result create healthy, vibrant and prosperous communities. Does everyone agree that it is time to invest in us, the people, especially our youth, and to believe in our potential? We all come from a proud and powerful heritage let us bring it with us as we enter the new millennium.

I am proud to be a Cree businessman offering my skills to the development of our territory's collective desire toward economic self-sufficiency. I hope this letter will create the necessary action and momentum. Megweech.

Sam W. Gull
Weshtau Training & Consulting
www.weshtau.com

The Arrow Strikes Gold

The Arrow is still on target. With the results for the 2001 downhill mountain bike season all tabulated it would appear that Kwanah Sioui Moar (featured on the cover of *The Nation*, Aug. 24, 2001) is still true to form. The young Cree-Huron competitor from Wendake, Quebec, took top honours in Quebec this year. Moar, nicknamed the Arrow, notched a first-place finish in the Quebec Championship held June 30th at St-Mathieu. The Arrow also posted the best overall results in the Quebec Cup: three 1st place finishes and two 2nd place results gave him 1st place for the season.



Kwanah also managed to compile enough points to finish 2nd overall in the Canada Cup. The only disappointment in an otherwise stellar 2001 campaign came in the Canadian Championship held at Sun Peaks, B.C., August 4th, when Kwanah finished well off the podium due to mechanical problems. The future looks bright for the 17 year-old, who is currently enrolled in the sports-studies program in Bromont.

Currently, Kwanah is thinking about going independent and forming his own racing team for next season. Some mountain bike manufacturers like Intense, Shimano, Rock Sox, and Foe have already shown great interest. Kwanah also has contact with many riders who he hopes to include on his team. Funding and sponsorship are a constant worry for the ambitious Arrow, but he somehow manages to finish in the medals.



SHOTS FIRED AT BURNT CHURCH

Earlier fears of the threat of violence over the lobster fishing dispute in Burnt church have become a reality. The situation has escalated in dramatic fashion as shots were fired during a night raid by non-Native fishermen. The raid, which was staged on Sunday, September 16th, involved some 55 non-Native boats from Baie-Ste-Anne and Neguac, communities near Burnt Church. As many as 200 white fishermen took part in the raid on Miramichi bay where they cut and damaged Native lobster traps. They were met by tribal members on 10 Native boats.

The non-Native fishermen were up in arms about the closure of a herring fishery as well as the fact that Natives have the right to trap lobster in the fall. Reports indicate that the scene was chaotic with objects being thrown and shots being fired. RCMP and federal fisheries officers were on hand, but did little to interfere in the melee. An RCMP helicopter videotaped the incident from above and those tapes will be reviewed to see what if any charges will be laid.

The confrontation led to high-speed boat chases that went on for about 30 minutes. Native fishermen expressed frustration over the inaction of RCMP officers at the scene. "Non-Natives are over there cutting our traps and the RCMP aren't doing anything. It's just total chaos here," said Leo Bartibogue, who added that members of the Burnt Church reserve had been shot at by non-Native fishermen.

"There was a lot of gunfire," according to Mi'kmaq warrior James Ward. He told of boarding a boat with

the Chief and others after hearing that shots had been fired. "As soon as we got out . . . we were fired upon more than five times. It just narrowly missed one of our guys." RCMP Inspector Kevin Vickers verified that shots had been fired from the water, but added that shots had also come from the direction of the reserve.

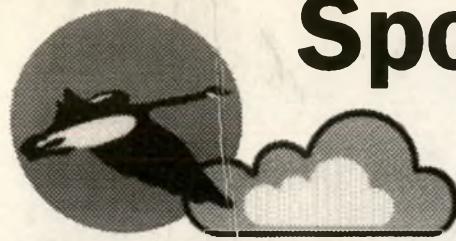
The non-Native fishermen, some of whom were visibly intoxicated, were seen charging the smaller Native vessels at high speed with their boats, cutting lines, and throwing buoys and beer bottles at the Natives. This marked the third and largest such incident in the past month. Roughly 20 non-Native boats charged into the area on August 26 with no major damage reported. a similar action was taken on September 2 involving about a dozen boats.

Remarkably, there was no report of serious injury in this last attack, but one non-Native boat ran aground, caught fire, and burned down to the waterline.

Burnt Church Chief Wilbur Dedam reported that the Native fishermen had lost several hundred traps during the skirmish, but didn't have an exact figure.

"The children are worried about a war because of what happened in New York and Washington last week," said Dedam, "and now they're worried as well about war here because of what happened on Sunday. It's all because of greed and the inability of some to share the resource."

by Brian Zelnicker



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The Secret Sex Lives of Moose

A recent Reuters news story out of Whitehorse tells of a hunter who found himself on the horns of a dilemma. The horns actually belonged to a moose shot by the hunter in the Yukon Territory and this is where the tale gets interesting. One would normally expect such a moose to be male, but there was some cow to this bull.

To his great surprise, the hunter had shot a hermaphrodite moose. "The hunter shot it, thinking it was a bull. When he got closer, he saw that things weren't as they should have been, or as he expected," said Rick Ward, a moose biologist for the Yukon government.

"It was a hermaphroditic moose. It was a female with antlers," said Ward, who added he had never come across anything



a photo of Minister Pettigrew and Chief Harry Cook taken during the Canada Export Awards gala. Kitsaki won the Aboriginal Achievement Award at the Gala.

Kitsaki Meats Wins

From the Canadian backwoods of La Ronge, Saskatchewan, Kitsaki Meats has built a reputation for success around the world as a leading producer and exporter of superior meat products. They were one of ten companies who won at the Canada Export Awards, which recognizes outstanding companies who export outside of Canada.

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Is there someone in your community like an Elder or other role model that you think deserves to be recognized?

Does you have a news tip?

Do you have a story that would make people laugh?

Do you have a beef?

A consumer related problem?

Have something to say?

Call *the Nation* at 514-272-3077

Ask for Will or Brian Z.

Confidentiality assured



like it in 25 years working as a biologist – 15 of which have been spent studying moose. Ward said that the odds of finding such a creature are very low, "It's about the same as finding hermaphrodites in humans."

The vast Yukon Territory has a population of about 30,000 people, an equal number of bears and twice as many moose. Hunting of male moose is permitted for three months during the fall hunting season, but there are steep fines levied to hunters who shoot females. The hunter in this case, who contacted wildlife authorities after realising the rather unique situation that he had on his hands, was not fined according to Ward.

Looking for Stringers!!!!!!

What is a stringer you ask? A stringer is a freelance writer. Here at the Nation we are looking for people to cover local events in the communities when we can't make it there. If you are interested:

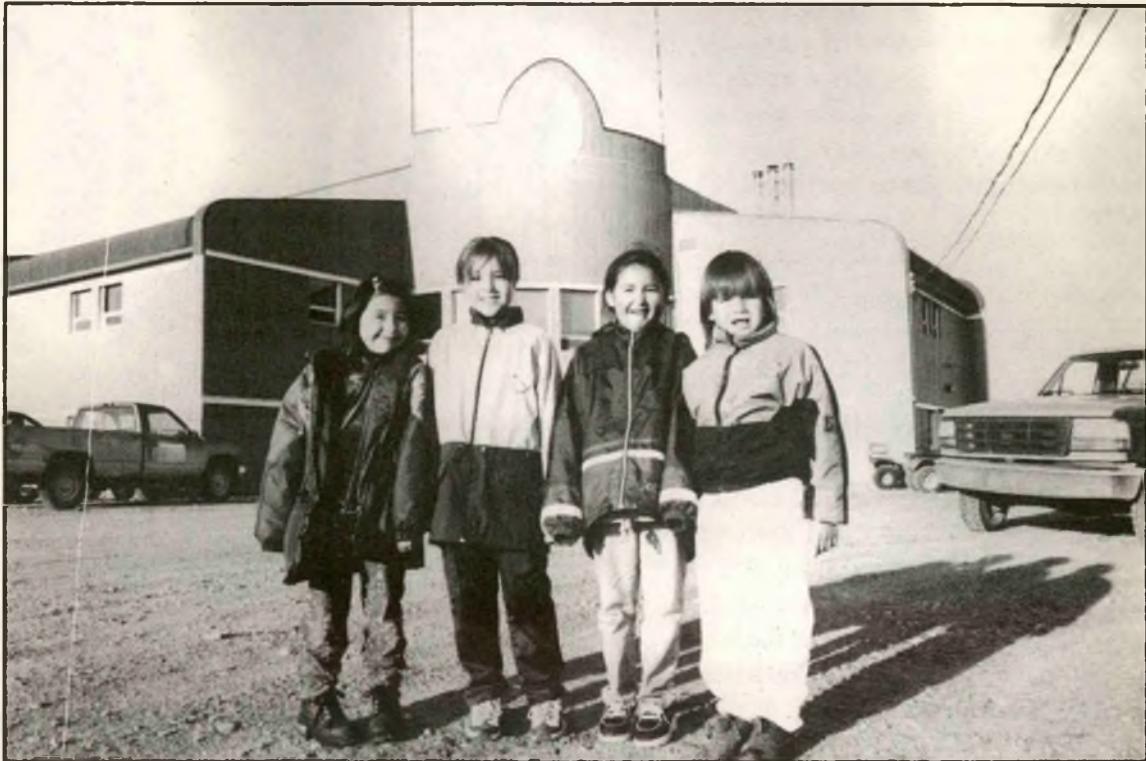
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WHAPMAGOOSTUI

כָּבֵד וְאַיִלָּן



Told by Sandy Masty

I'll tell the story of Whapmagoostui and of the beluga. Our elders told us stories long ago and this is what I'll recount. Before the establishment of the settlement here, there was a community about 40 miles north of here. That was where the people from this area lived. The river is called Waapimaakushtush (Little Whale River). That was the first community. Whales were hunted there.

The place we are now is Whapmagoostui. Our elders had mentioned this place was rich with beluga whales. The expanse of this river was filled with whales all the way to the first rapids. The first rapids are about 4 miles from the coast. During high tide, great numbers of beluga made their way up the river only to be blocked by the rapids. People used harpoons and nets to catch the whales. The mouth of this river is very narrow and is sandy on both sides. A huge net was set across the mouth to make a trap and many whales were harpooned.

When setting the net, the floats were not attached right away. People might recall the old wooden barrels used as containers back in the old days. Those wooden barrels were used as floats for the net. The net sat on the bottom of the river and with only the sinkers attached. The whale net was secured on both sides of the river. Small ships floated on either end in wait. As the tide came in, the whales entered.

Up the river on the north side, are the first hills of the land. As night fell, some people stayed at that first hill. A little up the river from that hill is an island, a rock protruding out of the water. It is not a small island. Others were taken to that island to stay during the night. Both groups were given birch bark because it burns brightly once lit. The people quietly waited for the whales to come inside the river. The birch bark was secured onto a long stick. The ones on the little island listened for the whales. The whales were coming towards the rapids. The net at the mouth of the river was not raised. It just sat on the bottom.

The net keepers could see the people on the hill. There were people on both sides of the river watching the net. It was a night tide. They were aware of the whales making their way into the fresh water but they kept still. Their sights were on the people on the hill. The island was only in view to the ones on the hill. The whales' breathing was clearly heard in the dark. Once the people on the island heard the whales around them, they lit up their birch bark and waved the bright flame around in the darkness. The people on the hill saw the signal and knew the whales had reached the island. They also lit their birch bark. The net keepers watched for the hill to see the signal. When they saw the torchlight, they knew the whales had reached the island.

The net sat on the bottom as the whales swam into the trap. The whales were filling the river and the net was finally raised. The wooden barrel floats were fastened to the net. The whales were trapped. They had no escape. This technique was in use during the time when many whales were taken. The next day, the hunters thrust their harpoons into the whales. This is the story that was told. The whales were trapped and couldn't escape. Many beluga whales were killed.

I suppose there isn't much for the whales to eat in the river. After many days of being trapped, the whales were getting leaner. When they surfaced to breathe, their sagging skin was very noticeable. For a while, the floats are removed and the net sank and the whales escaped to the sea. The dead whales were beached along both shores. This is the story of the beluga whale at this river. This is probably the reason why this river has the name Waapimaakushtui (Beluga River). For many summers, the whale hunt continued.

Across the river where the trees stand, many whales were beached at that site. There is a creek there. On either side of that creek, that was where large amounts of the whale oil were made. That creek is named

Shaashaapimaakwaanaanishtikw (Frying Whal Oil Creek). West of that creek, there is a rock protruding along the sandy beach. It is a pointed rock. The elders long ago said that it was the fat cracklings left over from making oil. On the other side of that creek, there is a mound of sand. "Those are the fat cracklings," the elders always mentioned.

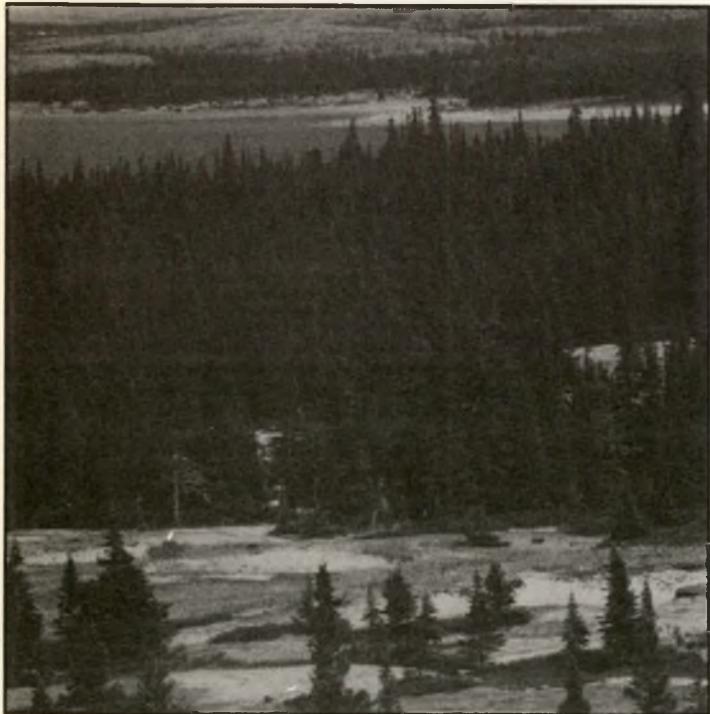
We camped every summer near the mouth of that little creek. We gathered there. Many old teepee sites mark the land and much whalebone sticks out of the ground. In the days when the European was a new visitor to this area, the whale oil was



taken away by the ship. After the whaling, the ship arrived. Us older people remember when only one ship laden with supplies arrived during the summer. After the supplies were unloaded, the whale oil was taken aboard and shipped back. Once the whale oil was taken back, I wonder what it was used for. It must have had a purpose for such large quantities to be taken.

This story that I'm telling, us elders didn't see that era. We were not born when this happened. Our fathers didn't get to see it either. Our grandfathers witnessed it. Our grandfathers and great-grandfathers were alive during that time and were involved. The stories of the beluga have been told for many generations.

As the story goes, the whales were beached. After a day of butchering, the work was finished and the whales were distributed among the people. The whales are not one size. Others are huge. There are whale calves and juvenile whales. The 2 year-old juvenile whales don't have the white skin yet. Their skin is gray. The calves are gray also. The old adult whales are huge and have white skin. When the whales were distributed, each family with an elder as leader was given one large white whale. The young families were given the mid-sized whales with the gray skin. This was only one day of distribution. They must have been so happy to eat the whale that some people didn't think they got enough. It was said that some people stole what was left lying around during the butchering, even though they were given a whole whale that same evening. They must have been so eager to eat whale.



The time arrived when the little town was established. The number of whales began to go down. There was more activity on the river and the motorized ships were becoming common. Us old people saw the whale when it was still plentiful but it had already declined. The houses were built and motors arrived. We had a glimpse when whales were still a bit plentiful. When I was a young man, I hunted whale using only the harpoon. It was only on certain occasions when the whales were plentiful; but in our time, they didn't reach the rapids. The number of whales went down every year. Today as I tell this story, there are no more whales in the river. For 5 summers now, no whale has been killed and none have been seen here at Whapmagoostui. The reason why I tell the story about the beluga and the river, it is because I live in Whapmagoostui (Beluga River).

In The Swing of Things

Xavier Kataquapit

When I was growing up in Attawapiskat, I never had access to a wide variety of sports. Like most northern communities, hockey was the prominent sport that everyone took part in.

During the winter just about every youngster in the community played hockey at the local outdoor ice rink. Even in the summer time hockey was not forgotten. Several years ago, many of the dedicated hockey players in the community started organizing regular floor hockey sessions in the evenings at the elementary school gymnasium. Today there is the Reg Louttit Sports Complex, a state of the art hockey arena which is busy all winter long. It also provides a playing surface during the summer months for roller blade hockey.

The only other sports that were played in Attawapiskat included baseball and soccer in the summer and even some badminton, basketball and volleyball. None of these rivaled the game of hockey.

It has only been since I have lived in the non-Native world in the south that I have had the opportunity to watch and participate in other activities. Sports such as golf were always foreign to me. Like most people I saw golf as an elitist sport that could only be played by very few. For the past three years I have had the privilege of attending an annual golf tournament hosted by Wabun Tribal Council, a Native organization that represents six First Nation communities in the Timmins area. This has been a great introduction to a sport that has always been far from my world.

The Annual Wabun Tribal Council Scholarship Fund Golf Tournament is an event that brings Native and non-Native people together to enjoy the sport of golfing, the outdoors and the company of friends. The event is dedicated to providing scholarship funds for post secondary Wabun students. This event draws a good number of participants who have some skill in the game and others who have never golfed before.

I attended the event as a guest with a friend of mine and we went out to watch the golfers swing their clubs on the long manicured greens of the golf club. It was fun to watch people who have played for a long time but it was also equally as enjoyable to see others who were playing for the first time. Native people love to have fun. You can imagine some of the humorous scenes I witnessed on the greens as first time, First Nation golfers whacked the daylights out of those tiny little white balls.

It is possible that some of the balls that I saw being hit will never be found. I saw a few land in marshes and lakes. I was also pleased to find that many of my friends that I saw participate for the first time in this event a couple of years ago are now avid golfers. However, I don't think I will ever forget that unmistakable sound of a golf ball cutting through the air very near to my head. I learned quickly to not assume that because a person was aiming to hit a ball in the right direction that this would in fact happen. I spent a lot of time hiding behind trees and cautiously approaching these novice golfers.

I also saw a really healthy scene where Wabun leadership, staff people, community members and non-Native people joined together to socialize and get to know each other a little better. People like Shawn, Jason and Barney Batise and other organizers of this event have a lot to be proud of. These are people who are always pushing the envelope. They are striving to be the best they can be and while they are doing it they are giving a lot of other people the confidence and realization that we can do anything if we want to. Meegwetch to the event's main sponsor Northern Telephone and other sponsors which included: First Nation Engineering, Bank of Nova Scotia, Watson Parojcic Many Nations Trust, Ontario First Nation Technical Services Corporation, Uniglobe Tri Pro Travel Limited, Barry's Ford and Mattagami Construction.

A VERY FISHY STORY

by Neil Diamond



We are going fishing and don't even have hooks, reels, rods, tackle boxes, lures, leaders, rain coats, rain pants, boots, experience and most importantly, a boat. But we are still determined to wine, dine and entertain our friends with a giant lake trout upon our return.

We shared an early cab ride to the airport. Our fearless leader was napping when we picked him up. It gradually dawned on us that he was still feeling the effects from the night before. We treated ourselves to an expensive breakfast at Eggspectations. Will made a pass for Ace at some girl sitting across the room. Dick, carrying someone else's carryon bag, is searched. No contraband is found.

We catch the flight North to Lake Mistissini. An hour later we're walking the streets of the "Boug." Chibougaumau would be one of our last stops before we left civilization so we stocked up on supplies. A nine-dollar rod and reel, hooks and the like were found at Zellers. Food, wine, beer, some fine whiskey and other fishing essentials from the mall and we can be off again. We reach our destination and everyone's getting along with everybody.

I kept a mental diary:

Day 1: Ace lands a "whopping" $\frac{1}{4}$ pound walleye in pitch darkness down at the dock. It would have made for nice finger food but he releases it.

Day 2: We manage a motorboat and a canoe and drift in the wind just off the community, casting, casting, casting. It rains, the sun comes out, it rains again. We tow the canoe across from the community where we battle a lone and very feisty pike living in a weedy creek. We head home in the wind empty handed and heads downcast. Pike: 1, Fishermen 0.

Day 3: We land a big one. Our boat is worth about 5 million dollars, or at least it feels like it. We scream out on to the giant lake with a 150 horse powered, state of the art fishing boat. Perfect fishing weather. We spot a small flock of ducks. Ace is armed with a slingshot so we approach them. We get to within ten feet and they're

not taking off. Ace gets in a few shots and misses. The ducks hold their ground. He misses a few more times before he realizes they're made of plastic.

The fish finder soon finds fish. We troll over the area for a while but they're not falling for it. We speed across to another spot where we join another crew trolling. The fish finder beeps and our hooks drop.

Trollin', trollin', trollin', keep them hooks a trollin'nnn'. It is getting late in the afternoon and dark clouds are approaching and still no bite.

Suddenly, Dick's rod bends. The force wakes him up from his nap. Everyone's on their feet. Someone reaches for the net. And then, as suddenly as it came, the fish is gone. We haven't even sat down when the Dick's rod kicks again. Dick reels in a nice laker. After dropping it twice he finally gets it safely in the boat. Everybody's excited now. There's actual fish down there. In a little while several more fish are caught and two or three are lost. It's a good day.



Day 4: People are starting to bicker more. "Why didn't you wash the dishes?" "I cooked breakfast!" "Princess!" The insults fly back and forth. We finally get a boat and everybody's friends again. "O.K. guys, group hug when we get in the boat," and we are off for more fish and it's looking like rain. The waves are a bit too big for our raft of a boat and it's a bumpy ride. Half an hour later we are adrift in a sheltered spot between two islands. The scenery's incredible in the drizzle, wind, fog and the pike are biting. But no walleye yet.

We start heading back and hit a dead end at a small bay and have to turn back into the waves. We are all soaking wet, but still we keep fishing. Finally after a few minutes of trolling near the town, Ace catches a walleye. Later, while gutting it, the fish starts to twist and turn. Dick has to beat it to death with a coffee mug over the sink. The fish is filleted, floured, fried and it's tastiest thing we've had since the grilled T-bones.

We finish the trip with a poker game and I clean up. My reward for not catching a thing.

Best of James Bay Survey

Back by Popular Demand

Individual Awards

Best Community Contribution (Man) _____
Best Community Contribution (Woman) _____
Most Outstanding Elder _____
Most Outstanding Youth _____
Most Outstanding Tallyman _____
Best Hunter _____
Best Fisher _____
Fastest Goose _____
Plucker _____
Best Story-teller _____
Best Politician _____
Most Disliked Politician _____
Best Band Council _____
Worst Band Council _____
Cree most Likely to Change the system _____
Best Athlete _____
Best Cook _____
Best Musician _____
Best Artist _____
Best Cultural Contribution _____
Best Cree Media (person or organization) _____
Funniest Cree _____
Smartest Cree _____
Best Pool Player _____
Best Gossiper _____
Best Checkers/Chess Player _____
Best UFO Sighting Spot _____
Best Umpire or Referee _____

Consumer Awards

BEST AUTO DEALER

Hardy Ringuette Aubé Gareau
Barraute
Automobile Chibougamau Veillette & Johnson
Other (Specify): _____

BEST SNOWMOBILE DEALER

Ou Jai des Sports Indoho
Other: _____

BEST RESTAURANT

Del's Restaurant Brien's Bar-B Barn Jacob's
Kanio-Kashee Lodge Waswanipi Cafeteria
Other: _____

WORST RESTAURANT

Kilometre 381 Moulin Rouge (Chiboug.)
Other: _____

Best Hamburger

McDonald's Big Mac Jacob's Waswanipi Caf.
Other: _____

Best Pizza

Mike's Pizza Hut Chisasibi Mitchuap Rest.
Waswanipi Caf. Other: _____

Best Bar/Club

Winnie's Château Louis Château Inn
Boréal
Other: _____

Best Grocery Store

Meechum Chisasibi Co-Op Oudaa Store
Other: _____

Rowdiest Bar

Château Louis Mont Bar
Other: _____

Best Hotel

Sheraton Centre Journey's End Eskers
Confortel Escalé
Kanio-Kashee Lodge Other: _____

Best Hunting Supplies

Sport Expert (Rouyn) Ferplus Le Baron
Other: _____

Best Fishing Supplies

Sport Expert (Rouyn) Western Le Baron
Ferplus Other: _____

Best Sports Supplies

Podium Sports Express Sport Expert (Rouyn)
Other: _____

Best Bridal Shop

Jaymore's St. Hubert St. Plaza
Other: _____

Best Flower Shop

Helene Fleuriste Diane ~~Fleuriste~~ ^{can't from page 5} Serlivard
Other: _____

Best Jewellery Shop

Bijouterie Riche Or Bijouterie Baribeau Bijouterie
Val D'Or Enrg. Other: _____

Best Children's Clothing

Petit Lutin Géant des Aubaines The Gap for
Kids Au coin des petits Other: _____

Best Toy Store

Toys'R'Us Dollarama
Other: _____

Best Furniture Shop

Meubles Marchand Meubles Selections
Ameublement Jeanne Inc.
Branchaud Other: _____

Best Music Shop

HMV Musicon Polyson Mag Music Sam
the Record Man
Christian Book Store Other: _____

Coolest Clothing Store

Le Château Bo Jeans Sears catalogue
Stitches Northern
Other: _____



Best Gift Shop

Wachiya Hallmark Michou Wal-Mart
Other: _____

Favourite Airlines

Air Creebec Air Wemindji
Other: _____

Best Overall Business

Air Creebec Cree Co. Kepa Transport
Cree Construction
Other: _____

Best Town for Shopping

Chibougamau Timmins Val D'Or
Montreal Rouyn-Noranda
Amos Other: _____

Best New Local Buisness

OPINION SURVEY:

" If I were Minister of Indian Affairs (please continue) ...

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whether they like it or not!!

News Release

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Moose or Goose Hunting



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GRAND CONSEIL DES CRIS (EYOO ASTCHEE)



CRÉE REGIONAL AUTHORITY
ADMINISTRATION RÉGIONALE CRIE

EDITORIALISTS FROTHING AT THE MOUTH AS THEY DENOUNCE THE ANTI-RACIST CONFERENCE, AND MATTHEW COON COME

From one side of Canada to the other, that happy band of brothers, the editorial writers, are joined in condemning the anti-racism conference in Durban as "absurd", "phony", or "hypocritical". A typical comment is from the Colonist in Victoria, B.C.:

"Talk about a nightmare: a conference of racists and xenophobes set up to condemn racism and xenophobia."

That exemplar of progressive thinking, The Ottawa Citizen has joined the crowd. A year or two ago they published an editorial recommending, in effect, that of all the laws in Canada, those pertaining to Aboriginal rights should be ignored.

Nothing racist about that, of course! The Citizen editorial board is crowded with extreme right-wing writers, one of whom, John Robson, embarrassed even his employers with a horrendous, racist attack against Russians, which evoked such a torrent of reader protest that (not having the fortitude to resign) he eventually had to write a grovelling apology that was almost as despicable as his original diatribe. Could one take this Ottawa Citizen pooh-hooing of the global conference against racism with a pinch of salt? Not much wonder, of course, that such a group should have joined so enthusiastically in this singularly distasteful example of pack journalism.

Matthew Coon Come, National Chief of the Assembly of First Nations, has been universally condemned by the editorial writers for telling the conference, truly, that his people have been, and are, the subject of racism in Canada. The Minister of Indian Affairs, Robert Nault, has even demanded that Coon Come should apologise: that's a switch, for sure, the victim of racism is now expected to apologize to those who have victimized him.

I have been following Aboriginal affairs in Canada for more than 30 years, and I have no hesitation in saying that racism is at the heart of most of the problems confronting Aboriginal people. The laws under which Aboriginals are governed were framed by people who had racist attitudes towards the Aboriginals they met when they arrived from Europe, and the laws themselves — consolidated in 1876 into the Indian Act, which still exists — were and are dripping with these attitudes and the assumptions that flow from them.

Everywhere in the country I have gone to investigate the affairs of Aboriginals I have found that racism against them is virulent in some places, and subtle just about everywhere. One has only to read the inquiries into the way Aboriginals are treated by the Canadian justice system to know that they can expect to suffer more police surveillance than other Canadians, more arrests, more convictions, longer sentences, and fewer paroles. In other words, police, lawyers, judges and probation officers are united in giving them a hard time. No racism there, of course!

I defy anyone to investigate the way in which the province of Quebec and the government of Canada have fulfilled their roles in the James Bay and Northern Quebec Agreement, signed with the Eeyou (Crees) of northern Quebec in 1975, without

concluding that anti-Indian racism has animated both governments. To get the governments to implement the laws they themselves set up to defend the Cree way of life has been like pulling teeth, a constant struggle for the Crees, who have had to go to court dozens, perhaps hundreds of times, to have the laws enforced.

For example: the Crees were guaranteed in the 1975 Agreement that no development projects could take place within the specified area without an environmental assessment, in which the Crees would have some say. Yet, without any environmental assessment of any kind, Quebec passed a new forest management law that divided up the southern part of the Cree lands between logging companies, who have ever since been merrily cutting the heart out of Cree traplines, and destroying the viability of the Cree way of life and culture. Mr. Justice Croteau of the Quebec Superior Court held that the Quebec laws were unconstitutional, because they had ignored the legal rights of the Crees, under the JBNQA, and gave Quebec six months to revise them. So what happened? The Quebec government applied to have the judge removed from the case; he was duly removed. A more accommodating judge found in favour of the government and the companies. The hacking to death of the Cree way of life has been continuing apace.

Is this not an act by an arrogant authority that considers itself superior to these impoverished, dark-skinned people of the north? Could such a measure be taken against a group of white Canadians? Not at all likely.

A few years ago Quebec carried out a land use plan covering the whole southern area of the Cree lands, which completely ignored that the whole area was covered with Cree traplines. The plan was blithely sent to the Mistassini band council, who immediately, and with high indignation, sent it back. How could this have happened? I think there can be only one explanation: the arrogance towards and ignorance of Aboriginals that has been the mark of white Canadian authorities ever since our arrival here from Europe, still exists. If this isn't racism, I don't know how one would define the word.

In spite of elaborate agreements giving the Crees priority over the moose, which they depend on for food, such priority has not been accorded to them. Is it possible to believe that there was no racism in this behaviour?

Elsewhere in north-western Ontario I have discovered similar behaviour. For example, one legal researcher there has concluded that Aboriginal attitudes towards wildlife management, and the attitudes enshrined in the Canadian laws, are so inimical that it is hardly worth the while of Aboriginals to bother challenging these laws in court, so little chance do they have of winning. This is racism enshrined in the law, a fact that is so obvious it hardly needs to be stated.

By Boyce Richardson

*The Boyce Richardson website can be found at:
www.magna.ca*

WILL ON THE GRILL

by Will Nicholls

For this column I decided to give you some of what almost every Cree wants... chicken just like the Colonel's. Now I haven't tried the recipe myself but am told that it's great and it's one of those the Colonel doesn't want you to know.

The second recipe is something I like to make up and have on hand. It's a Cajun Spice Mix. This is very useful in cooking. I find it easier to make a batch rather than do it every time a recipe calls for it. The great thing is since it's on hand you can spice up any meal with it.

The last recipe is because I felt guilty giving you the chicken recipe. My bud tells me the chicken is so tasty it's downright pounds on the hip. I felt I should include something to help keep the pounds off. Remember the cookies are no substitute for regular healthy exercise!

Almost KFC Chicken

Mix together in medium sized bowl and chill 1 hr....

4 c. water

2 t. salt

2 Chickens, cut up (about 5 lbs) See note: (at bottom of recipe)

Whirl together in blender or grind in a mortar and pestle until very fine powder. Combine with flour in a plastic bag.....

3 t. fine herbs

3 t. onion powder

3 t. seasoned salt

3 t. instant chicken broth

1/2 t. seasoned pepper

1-1/2 c. flour

Remove chicken pieces, a few at a time, from water; shake in flour mixture while still wet, until thickly coated with flour.

Chicken Broth

Place salted water in which chicken soaked in a small pan

1 medium onion sliced

1 c. celery tops.

chicken parts, not to be fried, See note: (at bottom of recipe)

cover and simmer 30 mins. Makes 4 c. broth.

Pour enough oil to make 1" depth in a large skillet; heat 375 degrees. Fry chicken pieces, turning once, 5 minutes on each side. Lift out with slotted spoon; drain well on paper toweling. When all pieces are fried; drain the fat from skillet. Add 1 c. Chicken Broth to skillet; return chicken pieces; cover and simmer 15 minutes or until chicken pieces are tender. Place on hot serving platter in oven to keep warm while making gravy.

Chicken Gravy

Strain and add remaining chicken broth to skillet that chicken was cooked in; heat to boiling, stirring and scraping baked-on juices from bottom and sides of pan. Make a paste

5 T. flour

1/2 c. water

Stir into boiling liquid; using a whip, continue stirring and boiling

for 1 minute. Season to taste with salt and pepper; darken with a little gravy coloring, if you wish.

Note: When cutting up chicken fry the breasts, thighs, legs. The remaining parts to be used to make broth.

Cajun Spice Mix

1/4 c Salt

2 tb Cayenne pepper

2 tb Paprika

1 1/2 tb Onion powder

1 tb ground black pepper

1 tb ground white pepper

1 tb Garlic powder

2 ts Dried basil

1 ts Chili powder

1/4 ts Dried thyme

1/4 ts Ground mustard

1/8 ts Ground cloves

Combine all ingredients in a small jar.

(The spice mix can be stored in a tightly covered glass jar in a cool dry place out of direct light for up to 4 months.) Makes about 3/4 cup.

Low-cal Apple Cinnamon Cookies

1/2 cup shortening

1-1/4 cups packed brown sugar

1/3 cup packed light brown sugar

1 egg

1/2 cup apple juice

2-1/4 cups whole wheat pastry flour

1 tsp. baking soda

1 tsp. ground cinnamon

1/4 tsp. ground cloves

1/4 tsp. salt

1 medium tart apple, peeled, cored, and shredded

3/4 cup raisins

Frosting:

1/3 cup brown sugar

2 Tbsp. margarine

2 Tbsp. water

1-3/4 cups powdered sugar, sifted

Skim milk

1/4 cup walnuts, chopped

Preheat oven to 350 degrees F.

Beat shortening and brown sugar with an electric mixer on medium speed until combined. Add egg and beat 1 minute. Add apple juice and beat at low speed until blended.

In another bowl stir together flour, baking soda, cinnamon, cloves, and salt. Add egg mixture to the flour mixture, beating at low speed until combined. Fold in apple and raisins.

Drop dough by rounded teaspoons onto ungreased cookie sheet. Bake for 8 minutes or until edges are lightly browned. Let stand one minute on cookie sheet. Remove to wire racks and cool.

Frosting:

Heat margarine, 1/3 cup brown sugar, and water over medium-high heat, stirring until sugar dissolves. Remove from heat.

Stir in sifted powdered sugar. If frosting begins to harden, stir in small amount of milk to make of spreading consistency.

Spread cookies with Caramel Frosting and sprinkle with walnuts.

Grilled Apples

An old time favorite and it's harvest season and these are cheap to make and a favorite with all the kids, young and old alike.

1 Granny Smith apple, cored
1 Tbsp. brown sugar
1/4 tsp. ground cinnamon

Fill the core of the apple with the brown sugar and cinnamon. Wrap the apple in a large piece of heavy foil, twisting the extra foil into a tail for a handle. Place the apple in the coals of a campfire or in a barbecue and let cook 5 to 10 minutes, until softened. Remove and unwrap, being careful of the hot sugar. Serve with vanilla ice cream on the side.

Chunky Garden Tomato Soup

Another healthy addition to your recipe book. Again this is fast and easy to make.

1 large onion, thinly sliced
1/3 cup finely chopped celery
3 Tbsp.s sliced carrots
3 Tbsp.s unsalted butter
8 large tomatoes, peeled, seeded, chop
8 cups chicken broth
3 Tbsp.s uncooked rice
1/2 tsp. salt
thyme, to taste
freshly ground black pepper, to taste
1/3 cup finely chopped fresh parsley

In a saucepan, saute onion, celery and carrots in butter until soft but not brown. Add tomatoes and a small amount of chicken broth. Simmer 20 minutes. In a soup kettle, combine sauteed vegetables, remaining chicken broth and rice. Season with salt, thyme and pepper. Simmer 20 to 30 minutes. Serve garnished with parsley.

Cranberry-Walnut Scones

This is one of my favorites. It spices up any meal or is great when you have guests. Goes great with hot chocolate, tea or coffee.

1 cup dried cranberries or seedless raisins
1 cup boiling water
4 cups all-purpose flour
1/2 cup sugar
3 Tbsp.s Baking Powder
3/4 cup margarine or butter
1 cup walnut pieces, toasted and chopped
1 cup plain lowfat yogurt
1 cup heavy cream
1 egg, beaten

DIRECTIONS:

Mix cranberries or raisins and water; let stand 10 minutes to plump. Drain. Mix flour, sugar and baking powder; cut in margarine or butter until mixture resembles coarse crumbs. Add walnuts and cranberries or raisins. Stir in yogurt and heavy cream until mixture is moistened. Divide dough into 3 pieces. Pat each piece into a 6-inch round. Cut each round into 8 wedges. Place on ungreased baking sheet 2 inches apart; brush with beaten egg. Bake at 350°F for 15 to 18 minutes or until lightly golden. Serve warm.

Hot Chocolate Section

When the use of chocolate became common in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, chocolaterías opened in Madrid, serving hot chocolate to weary voyagers and the homeless. In Spain, the warming elixir is distinguished by the addition of spice, but especially by its rich, frothy texture, achieved by heating and beating it several times. I, myself, am a terror when I drink coffee so I like to substitute hot chocolate but like the more spiced varieties and even make my own. All my guests love the variations that I serve. They are not only different they give a whole new meaning to the term hot chocolate but you try them and be the judge. In the future I will also add a spiced tea section so you can try something a little new. As you can see I don't buy the pre-made packages of hot chocolate.

Orange Scented Hot Chocolate

2 cups milk
4 ounces bittersweet or semisweet chocolate, chopped
3 2 by 1-inch orange peel strips (orange part only)
1/2 tsp. instant coffee powder
1/8 tsp. ground nutmeg

Combine all ingredients in heavy medium saucepan. Stir over low heat until chocolate melts. Increase heat and bring just to boil, stirring often. Remove from heat and whisk until frothy. Return to heat and bring just to a boil again. Repeat heating and whisking once again. Discard orange peel. (Can be prepared 2 hours ahead. Let stand at room temperature. Before serving, bring just to boil, remove from heat and whisk until frothy.) Pour hot chocolate into mugs.

Cinnamon Hot Chocolate

3/4 lb fine-quality bittersweet chocolate, chopped
4 three-inch cinnamon sticks
8 cups skim milk

Put chocolate in a heatproof pitcher with cinnamon sticks. Bring milk and a pinch of salt just to a simmer in a 4-quart saucepan. Immediately pour into pitcher and stir until chocolate is melted.

Peppermint Hot Chocolate with Whipped Cream

1/2 cup chilled whipping cream
7 Tbsp.s sugar
3/4 tsp. peppermint extract
6 cups milk
2 vanilla beans, split lengthwise
8 ounces semisweet chocolate, chopped
2 Tbsp.s unsweetened cocoa powder

Whip cream, 1 tablespoon sugar and 1/4 teaspoon peppermint extract in medium bowl to soft peaks.

Bring milk to simmer in large saucepan over medium heat. Scrape in seeds from vanilla beans; add beans. Reduce heat to low. Add chocolate, cocoa and 6 tablespoons sugar; whisk until smooth. Mix in 1/2 teaspoon extract. Ladle hot chocolate into mugs. Top with whipped cream.



Fallout From The Attack On America

Opinion by Brian Zelnicker

I was booked on a flight from Montreal to Edmonton on the Friday following the terrorist attacks. Having followed the troubling events on television for three days straight, I was less than eager to head to an airport, much less get on a plane. Dorval airport was like a ghost town. Still no flights to the United States. I was relieved and surprised to find it one of the easiest days of travel that I've experienced in some time. I was also disappointed to see so many flaws in airport security. There was a stronger police presence, and carry-on luggage was being searched for knives, scissors and the like, but there were still many openings for foul play.

While passengers had to present photo identification at the ticket counter in order to be issued with boarding passes, we never had to show i.d. to anyone again. Not at the security gate, nor at the boarding gate. Anyone with a boarding pass could have boarded a flight. Though the U.S. is the nation that was directly attacked, it would be a huge mistake to operate under the notion that we are somehow safer in Canada. If planes were to become easier to highjack in Canada, terrorists could simply commandeer a Vancouver to Toronto flight and steer it into Detroit or Chicago. Borders mean little to international terrorists.

My feelings of insecurity were magnified that day by noises coming from the far right of America. Rev. Jerry Falwell and 700 Club host Pat Robertson basically came out and said that America got what it deserved. An interesting stance for influential religious leaders to take. Falwell and Robertson weren't referring to America's atrocious foreign policy, it's presence in the Persian Gulf, or it's involvement in the support and training of men like Osama bin Laden to be used to bring down old foes like the now-defunct U.S.S.R. Apparently, America deserved what it got because of its godlessness. "God continues to lift the curtain and allow the enemies of America to give us probably what we deserve," Falwell told Robertson on the 700 Club the day after the attack.

Falwell went on: "The abortionists have got to bear some burden for this because God will not be mocked. And when we destroy 40 million little innocent babies, we make God mad. I really believe that the pagans, and the abortionists, and the feminists, and the gays and the lesbians who are actively trying to make that an alternative lifestyle, the ACLU (American Civil Liberties Union), People for the American Way – all of them who have tried to secularize America – I point the finger in their face and say, 'You helped this happen.'"

Falwell and Robertson appear to be unwittingly supporting the Jihad against America. Muslim religious extremists and Christian religious extremists appear to share the same opinion – that God is making America pay. Is Falwell actually endorsing the Jihad? Are the Taliban actually reading the same bible? Rubbish.

The Falwell quote followed a rather nasty column by conservative Ann Coulter, who wrote "We know who the homicidal maniacs are. They are the ones cheering and dancing



right now. We should invade their countries, kill their leaders and convert them to Christianity." Excuse me? Are we back in the Crusades? What year is this? Hello?

Comments like these make it easier to understand the insane and misguided racial backlash that has been occurring all over the place. Muslim children are being called terrorists at school. A Muslim woman is approached while waiting for a subway in Toronto and told by another woman that she would shoot her dead if she had a gun. In the blind ignorance that is racism anyone who even remotely resembles a Muslim or Arab (meaning pretty well anyone foreign looking or with dark skin) becomes a target for mob justice. Hindus and Sikhs, among others, have suddenly found themselves the victims of a series of hate crimes running from verbal abuse, to arson, to murder. Does anyone read history anymore? Haven't Canada and the United States apologized for the horrible way in which Japanese North Americans were treated during World War II?

Was this the greatest tragedy to have ever taken place in America? No. Native Americans have seen worse, as have African Americans who struggled through slavery. People seem to have selective amnesia when it comes to facing the nastier aspects of one's history. The shocking crimes that were committed on September 11th have had a devastating affect on people everywhere, especially those who lost lives and loved ones. Justice must be served and the safety of people must be protected, but history must be respected or it will be repeated. This is not a holy war. It is not about neighbour against neighbour, Muslim against Christian. Though I admire the restraint shown so far by the Bush administration, who seem to understand that a "war on terrorism" won't be won by bombing the tar out of the Middle East, I still fear the staunch sense of self-righteousness that often accompanies hardcore patriotism. I'm all for rooting out terrorism wherever it may stem from, but I see little sense in committing criminal acts of intolerance in the name of fighting terrorism.

Europa Universalis

By Strategy First

The boys coming by immediately said "Old School" upon seeing the screen. These, of course, are the hopped-up, strung-out and overly stimulated MTV Gen types. "If it don't grab me in five seconds, it's not worth it," says one. The same one who'll spend all night drinking and displaying nonsensical apoplectic behavior during a baseball game in which there is only fifteen minutes of actual action. Time it sometimes, I did.

Anyhow though the look is reminiscent of some of the "Old School" style the game is anything but that. The gaming area is immense. I never did get a chance to see the entire map during any of my games. That alone is worth the game. Like Cossacks, the game is based on true historical situations except for the Fantasia mode and that was the one I enjoyed the most. It was the one where you could choose to be the Iroquois or Inca Empire. Hot Damn! A game where First Nations are actually counted for more than just a disturbance. I loved it and played both of them. It was a subtle game introducing random historical factors as well as requiring you to make certain money allocations in order to advance in the areas you needed to in order to win the game. You could do well in your area of the world but lose because someone you never met or saw was doing much better. That was ultimately interesting and enjoyable in a strategy game. This had none of the 3D graphics that catch the eye with splashes of colour and explosions as gore drips off of the enemy, but it is captivating nevertheless. I recommend this game to those who hate to master a game in a week or two and then get bored. This requires skill and patience to win.

Taking on the Start Menu

You've probably found out by now that Windows 98 is a pain Start menu. Sure, you can pick off items in your Documents menu one-by-one, and you can remove icons from the Programs menu. If you're looking for real changes, however, you're out of luck. Don't sweat it, we have a few neat things to show you.

Put Your Control Panel Into the Start Menu

Want to access the Control Panel quickly by integrating it into your Start menu? No problemos—just connect the dots, er numbers.

1.Right-click the Start button and select Explore from the pop-up menu.

2.Click the right pane of the Exploring window and select New/Folder from the File pull-down menu.

3.Enter "Control Panel.{21EC2020-3AEA-1069-A2DD-08002B30309D}" as the folder's name (without the quotes).

4.Press the Enter key after naming the folder; it should

appear simply as "Control Panel."

Now you can access your Control Panel settings from the Start menu shortcut.

Check Your Browser History From the Start Menu

If you liked adding your Control Panel to the Start menu, here's another. You can also access your or your significant other's Web page History (what have they been accessing?) from your Start menu.

Here's how to do it:

1.Right-click the Start button and select Explore from the pop-up menu.

2.Click the right pane of the Exploring window and select New/Folder from the File pull-down menu.

3.Type "Web History.{ff393560-C2A7-11CF-BFF4-444553540000}" as the folder's name (again, without the quotes).

4.Press the Enter key and a folder called Web History should appear.

You can then access your browsing history from the Start menu shortcut, categorized by date. None of us are safe again until I teach you how to delete Web History selectively.

Edit the Documents Menu

There's a danger in assuming you can completely delete your old documents without a US Dept. Of Defense Hard Drive Shredder Pgm. In most cases you don't need to do that but you might want to remove lines from the Start menu's Documents listing detailing what you have been recently working on. The simplest way is to right-click a Documents item and select Delete. But to disable the feature so that no recent documents ever show up in the Start menu, you need to play the Registry like this:

1.Back up the Registry.

2.Launch RegEdit. (Select Start/Run, type in regedit, then hit Enter.)

3.Under HKEY_CURRENT_USER, select Software/Microsoft/Windows/CurrentVersion/Policies/Explorer.

4.In the right hand pane, double-click NoRecentDocsHistory. If there is no such value, create a new binary value with that name (select Edit/New/Binary Value).

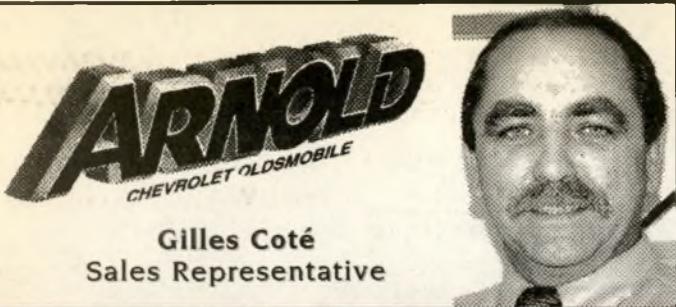
5.Edit 00,00,00,00 to read 01,00,00,00.

6.Locate or create the NoRecentDocsMenu value.

7.Edit 00,00,00,00 to read 01,00,00,00 there, too.

8.Save your changes as you quit RegEdit and restart Windows.

Warning: Changing the Registry is risky; you're taking your system into your own hands. To be safe, manually back up the Registry before you make any changes.



Gilles Coté
Sales Representative

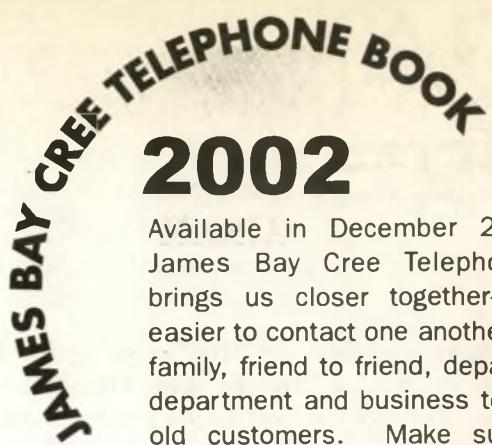
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2002

Available in December 2001, the James Bay Cree Telephone Book brings us closer together-making it easier to contact one another-family to family, friend to friend, department to department and business to new and old customers. Make sure you're accessible, drop us a line if you have a new phone number or if you're a new Cree business.

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THIS WAY OUT!

CLASSIFIEDS

100 - Births

Congratulations to Kathleen Kawapit and Gabby Masty in Whapmagoostui, for the birth of their baby girl who was born around midnight Thursday September 13th, 2001. Kathleen call me collect, Rachel has my number. From Mary Niquanicappo.

101 - Birthdays

This special birthday greetings going out to our beautiful daughter Patricia Jolly...Happy 4th birthday on September 10, 2001 and hope you have fun...we love you dearly and happy 1st school year too. Hope you make more new friends. We love ya! with lots of luv, kisses and squeezable hugs; mommy & daddy (Brenda-Rose & Joseph)

I would like to wish my "sweet adorable" grandson Darius Neacappo-Pelchat a Happy Birhtday on October 1st. I love you so much with all my heart. From Grandma Phyllis.

We would like to wish my niece "Jacie Rianne J.Wapachee" a Happy 1st Birthday on Septemeber 10, 2001. May the good Lord bless you with many birthdays....we love you lots and missed you so much when you left for MF, Ont. this summer. Glad to have you back here with us in Nemaska. Love always;

Auntie Brenda, Joseph and of course your cousins, Val, Pat & Tara. XOXOXXO

I would like to wish a Happy Birthday to my boyfriend Eric Grondin on Oct 4th and to my son Cedric Grondin on Oct 20th, we love you so much, have a nice day! Love, Brenda, Emillio and Vince.

Happy 11th birthday to my beautiful niece Josephine Ottereyes. Her birthday is on Sept 27th, 2001. Sorry, I can't be with you on your special day but I am thinking and praying for you. I love you my monkey and I miss you a lot. But don't worry, I'll be home for Christmas because it just wouldn't be Christmas without you, Kelsie (boo-doo pie) and that little chubby nephew of mine Kohl. Take good care of yourself and your cousins. I love you all and I hope to see you all soon. From

Auntie Angela in Wasw. (and future cousin Treasure).

I would like to wish a Happy Belated Birthday to my wonderful mother Flora in Wask. She will be celebrating her 40 something birthday on Oct 2nd, 2001. Happy Birthday mom and I love you with all my heart. Sorry I couldn't see you at the woman's retreat in Val d'Or but I really do miss you terribly. From your daughter Angela in Wasw. (and your future grand-daughter Treasure who is to be born in a month or so). P.S.: Thank you very much for the birthday gifts you sent for me. I really loved them. Bye and we'll see you hopefully at Christmas.

I would like to wish a Happy Birthday to someone so special in my life, my boyfriend on September 21st. I thank God for finding someone so special in my life, for beeing so understanding, loving and

caring. I love you with all my heart. With love always, from your girl.

A very special wish goea out to a wonderful, special and important person in our lives. There are no words great enough to express how grateful and blessed to have such a wonderful, amazing, precious sister/aunt like you Shannon Trapper on September 29th, 2001. May this special day bring you lots of happiness, laughter, love and may your wishes all come true. I just want to let you know that we love you so much and thank you for been there when I needed someone to talk too. Bonn Fête ma chère. Je te souhaite bonne chance dans tous ce que tu désires, surtout en amour et en amitié. Ta soeur qui t'aime vraiment, Priscilla, Quindon. On t'embrasses XOXOXO

I would like to wish a Happy Birthday to my best friend

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Annette Atsynia on October 17th, 2001. Thank you for being an understanding person and most of all for being yourself. Hope you have a blast! Love and friendship, Marcello.

Happy 3rd Birthday to my
big sister, Miranda Blueboy.
She will be celebrating her
birthday in North Bay. From,
your brother, Brandon.oxox-
oxoxoxoxox

102 - Weddings

Congratulations to Theresa Lizotte and Hakim Roubbeh who got married on Saturday September 15th, 2001 in Montreal. From all your co-workers at the Native Women Shelter of Montreal. Best wishes.

193 - Anniversaries

We are honored to wish our parents a Happy 25th Anniversary on September 10, 2001. We just want to leave a few notes to tell how much we love you and would like to take this opportunity to thank-you for how well you have raised us and may the good Lord bless your marriage throughout the many more years to come....we love you: Brenda-

Rose, Joseph and the girls
(Valeresh, Shecia & Tara-
Lynn

We would like to wish our wonderful parents Joey and Lynn Whiskeychan a Happy 18th Wedding Anniversary on October 14th. We thank you for your support, love and care that you have shown us through out the years. We love you both very much. Wishing you both for many more anniversaries to come. With love; your children: Diane, Natalie, Mario, Waldo, Bertie, Trevor and especially your grand-daughter Erica Salt. (Wask).

**Happy 54th Anniversary to
my grandparents Amy and
Charlie Niquanicappo in
Whapmagoostui. From
Mary Niquanicappo.**

Our parents, you're so important to us. Without you both, nothing with matter and life is not worth living for. We know we can rely on you both when we need help. You both are so important to us there aren't any other parents in the world could ever take your place in our lives and hearts. We want you both to know that we love you so much. Happy

Anniversary to the two most
important people in our lives,
our parents... Margaret and
Ronnie Trapper on
September 12th, 2001. With
love always and forever!
Priscilla, Amanda, Shannon,
Ronnie'sh, Judy-Rose and
grandchildren Wyonna,
Quindon.

104 – Graduations

I would like to thank God for having a wonderful, amazing, loving, caring, responsible, important special person in my life Kevin. Whiskeychan. Congratulations! Félicitations! For your sobriety, it's been seven months on September 19th, 2001. encouraged you for being sober and my self. Together we can make it happen and support each other. I am very very so very happy today with sober-lifestyle and I feel great. I wish you all the best and thank you for everything you have done for me and you made me the person am today (happier, love myself, respect myself belieive in myself, etc.) and love you. You'll always be inside my heart and part in (Quindon too). With lots of love, hugs, kisses and always PCC

I would like to send to all my colleagues Best Wishes&Good Luck to you all.... I will always cherish the goods times we all had at the course.From one of class-mate F.N.C.S.

300 – Personals

On behalf of Air Creebec 'Flight Crew', that were grounded in Waskaganish due to the U.S. crisis. We would like to extend our gratitude to all those who made our stay there pleasurable and for their hospitality in opening their homes to us. Thank You! Air Creebec Flight Attendant, Julie.

My apartment burnt down this summer (august) in North Bay. I would like to thank Waswanipi Band Chief and Council, Cree School BD, Laura T. Kitchen, Diane O. Gull and especially my parents Ronnie and Maryann Otter for their time and support. A mountain of thanks, Jessica Otter, North Bay.

Bonnie Jerome from
Montreal, good work at
chairing at the Waswanipi
Youth Gathering, you were
very good looking and I was
too shy to go up to you to
talk to you. I want to go out
with _____ you.
Creegooodlookingboy@hotmail.com Please e-mail me.
Send your picture, can't get
enough of your beautiful
eyes and luscious lips

(Damien's angel) looking for a pen-pal. just write me an e-mail and who knows we might become best friends..i know it sounds odd but it could happen. just e-mail me at: damiens_angel@hotmail.com Guy in (whap.) i love you,i miss you,i need you.



20th Anniversary
**CREE NATION INVITATIONAL SENIOR
HOCKEY AND BROOMBALL
TOURNAMENT**

Dates: December 6-7-8-9, 2001

Location: Val d'Or, Quebec

CNIT

Team Registration Deadline: November 16, 2001

*Note: Teams must respect the deadline date.

No teams will be accepted after the deadline.

On behalf of the Cree Nation Recreation Directors, I wish to take this opportunity to officially invite all senior hockey and broomball teams to the 20th Anniversary of the CNIT Senior Hockey and Broomball tournament to be held in VAL D'OR, QC.

CONTACTS and TEAM REGISTRATIONS: (All Categories)

JB LOON	Tel: 418-923-3461 ext. 322	Fax: 2112/ 3115
JAMES NEEPOSH	Tel: 418-745-3911 ext. 242	Fax: 3426
ROGER WEAPENICAPPO	Tel: 819-977-2262	Fax: 2071

Contact for Francophone communities:

MATT BLACKSMITH	Tel: 819-753-2450	Fax: 2896
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All Certified Cheques or Money Orders MUST BE RECEIVED no later than the deadline
(November 16, 2001-12:00 noon.)

Teams may purchase players passes in advance at \$100.00 for 15 players only,
payable when team registration is paid. Any additional players passes will be for \$10.00/ player.

DOUBLE - ELIMINATION - CONSOLATION FORMAT (D-E-C)

Category	# of teams	Inscription	Championship Prize Money	Consolation Prize Money
Class "A" Hockey	8	\$1,500. (D-E-C)	Champs: \$7,000. Finalist: \$4,000.	Champs: \$1,000. Finalist: \$500.
Class "B" Hockey	12	\$1,000. (D-E-C)	Champs: \$5,000. Finalist: \$3,000.	Champs: \$1,000. Finalist: \$500.
Class "C" Hockey	8	\$800. (D-E-C)	Champs: \$3,000. Finalist: \$1,500.	Champs: \$1,000. Finalist: \$500.
Old-Timers Hockey (40 +)	8	\$700. (D-E-C)	Champs: \$2,500. Finalist: \$1,500.	Champs: \$800. Finalist: \$400.
Women's Hockey (18 +)	6	\$700. Round-Robin	Champs: \$2,000. Finalist: \$1,500.	Champs: \$800. Finalist: \$400.
Broomball "A"	8	\$1,200. (D-E-C)	Champs: \$6,000. Finalist: \$3,000.	Champs: \$1,000. Finalist: \$500.
Broomball "B"	8	\$800. (D-E-C)	Champs: \$3,000. Finalist: \$1,500.	Champs: \$1,000. Finalist: \$500.
TOTAL	58	\$56,200.	\$44,500.	\$9,900.

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